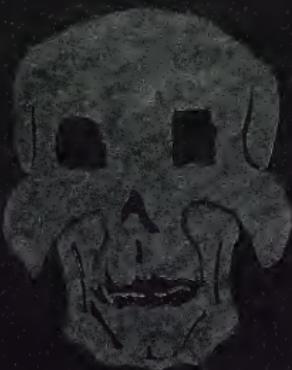


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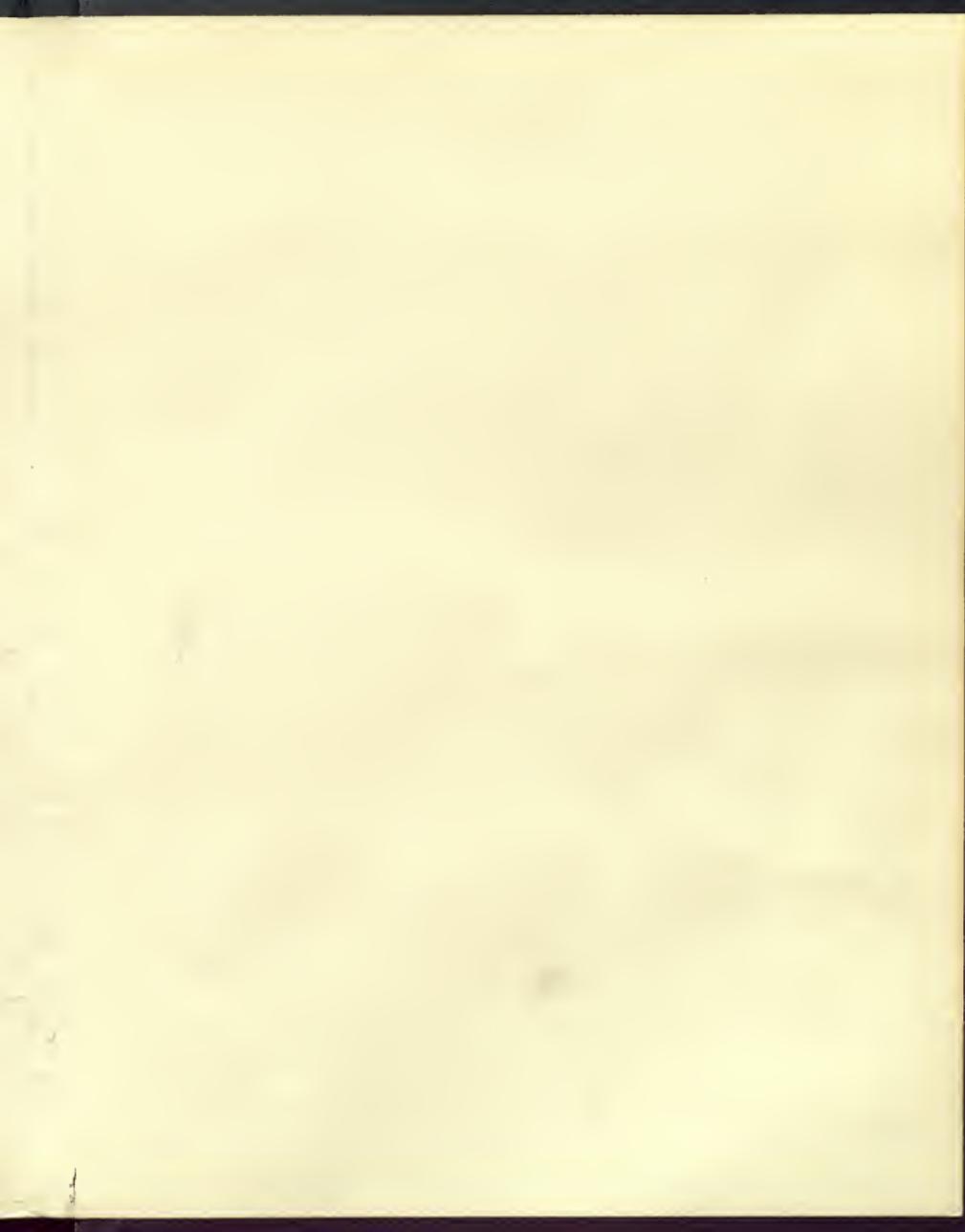
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# WEST SAXON

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*Committee :*

W. S. BAILEY AND F. A. COLLINS

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#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

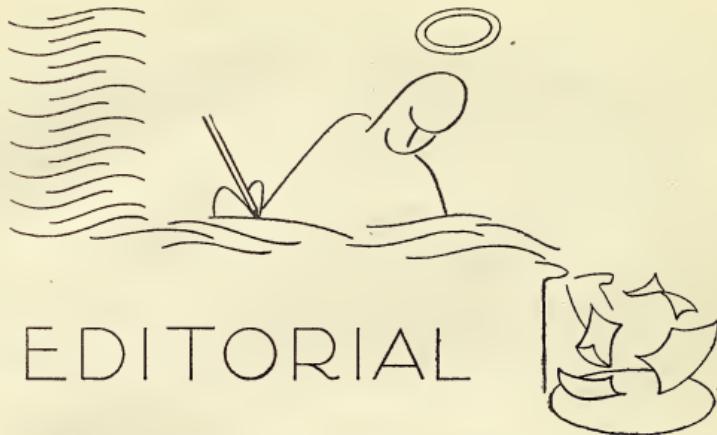
The Editor of "WEST SAXON" begs to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the following periodicals, and apologises for any inadvertent omissions :

*The New University, Die Stellenbosche Student, The Northerner, The Phoenix, The Ram, The Sphinx, The Limit, The Gong, Southampton Girls' Grammar School Magazine, The Rydeian, The Victorian, Tamesis, Poly-hoo, Erinna.*

## CONTENTS

		<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL ...	...	5
BIRTH OF AN EPIC ...	...	8
DISSERTATION ON DANCING ...	...	9
US ...	...	11
VALEDICTION ...	...	17
ANIMAL ALLEGORY ...	...	18
MORE MINUTES ...	...	19
THE RIVER ...	...	21
SHADOWS ...	...	24
UNIVERSITY EDITORS IN CONFERENCE ...	...	25
ON TOBACCO ...	...	27
THE UNIVERSITY WITS ...	...	28
TWO AMERICANS WRITE HOME ...	...	29
LIBEL ...	...	33
JOURNEY NOWHERE ...	...	33
BUREAUCRATS' TRIANGLE ...	...	34
THE EX-SERVICE MAN ...	...	35
MR. PIM PASSES BY ...	...	36
NOT CONSUMMATION ...	...	37
WAR-MAIMED ...	...	38
LOTOS ...	...	39
CROSSWORD ...	...	40
HALL NOTES ...	...	42
ATHLETICS ...	...	46
UNIONS AND SOCIETIES ...	...	50





**E** began our task of producing this issue of *West Saxon* with all the ideals of the young and inexperienced: we told ourselves what countless others have told themselves—that the Editor is he who selects, arranges, and sets in order for publication, the works of others. We soon were disillusioned: we soon discovered that our conception of the functions of an Editorial Board was at variance with that of almost everyone else: we soon realised that we were appointed, not to edit the works of others, but rather to fill so many pages in as many hours, to dash off prose here and verse there in the few days remaining before going to print.

**EDITOR'S REGRETS**

This magazine should be the highest expression of representative literary work, or representative opinion, of the members of the Students' Union. In order to attain this we resolved that nothing should be banned from our pages because the opinions expressed were not within the realms of the ordinary or conventional. We resolved to allow our contributors perfect freedom of expression. We could not carry this resolve into effect because contributors were not forthcoming. So the Editorial Board were on the horns of a dilemma. We had to write it: but we were not independent.

We were financed by, and were appointed by, the Students' Union to produce *West Saxon*, a magazine with a traditional tone and format, and not the magazine that we might in our heart of hearts desire to produce. And even this traditional *West Saxon* could not be what we wanted it to be : we would have lino-cuts, photographs, and gay illustrations—but alas!—the financial position of the Students' Union has demanded us to exercise the most rigorous financial stringency. Indeed, this traditional magazine seems to be fighting for its very existence. Two years ago, it appeared three times each session ; last year there were two issues : this year only one. . . . Is it an arithmetic progression ?

This year *West Saxon* is draped in black, in keeping with the age. This is the year of gloom, that began with a scare that shook our faith in the permanence of our civilisation. We find it impossible to shut ourselves in our academic ivory tower. The uncertainty of the world situation gives us a haunting feeling of insecurity : we feel the Sword of *THIS YEAR OF GRACE* Damocles over us, yet we do not hear the “two handed engine at the door.” “Don’t work, you’ll never take Finals,” has become the shibboleth of the disillusioned. This feeling is accentuated by the growing reaction against academic institutions. That generation that grew up in the belief that an academic education was the greatest thing, greater than the tilling of land or the making of machines, are disillusioned. In the anger of their disillusionment, they have turned to the other extreme. So many in the world, and many of the prominent men of this town, see only the abuses, and forget the uses, of an academic or university education.

But despite this, we see in the present condition of U.C.S. many signs of hope for a glorious future. We realise that

“who aimeth at the sky

Shoots higher far than he that means a tree.”

We have before us the ideal of the “University of Wessex.” But we must model our immediate aims upon the practical. We must concentrate upon obtaining good degrees as external students. We see hope in the fact that that heterogeneous mass of administration that is graced by the name of “University of London” is beginning to pay considerable attention to the curricula and general situation of its external students.

Further, we see signs of hope in the internal condition of the College. We are fortunate in having a Students' Union that is self-governing. We are fortunate in having active co-operation between Staff and Students. During the course of the present session an important development has taken place. The Students' Council is in constant consultation with the Development Committee, a sub-committee of Senate to which all important business is referred. If this co-ordination of forces is maintained, we envisage a time when our ideal will no longer seem beyond the horizon, invisible and unattainable, but a natural development of the future.

The future, then, holds high hopes : but it is also fraught with danger. Our own generation of students holds the future in its hands, to mould it to success or failure. It is up to us. We must develop a sense of responsibility, the realisation of a job to be done. We must realise that we are here as students : so many of our number soon lose sight of this. Some are lulled by the feeling that Finals are a long way off, and forthwith proceed to eat, drink, and be merry. Some become entangled in societies that demand much time and energy from them, so that study takes second, or even third place. Some forget the ultimate values of life, and live according to the accepted standards of our own narrow community. Some, disillusioned of the academic ideal, proceed to spread their energies under the pretext of leading a "Balanced life," and succeed only in becoming "dilettante."

We have a job on hand. The gentleman with the campstool said to Mr. Winkle . . . "Go in and win ! " Let us do that.

BRAVE

HARTLEY

BRAVO !



## BIRTH OF AN EPIC

*or*

## THE WAY IT'S DONE.

*(The Characters in this story are entirely facetious, and do not refer to any living persons.)*



OME, pen, set down in verse that all may see,  
How the "WEST SAXON" really came to be,  
Set down its past, its ancient history,  
In dec'rous metaphor and simile.

In days of yore, beneath the olive tree,  
Sate old King Morlen, frowning heavily :  
"Oh woe ! Oh, misery ! Oh tooral lay !  
Oh, who will help me on this dread dark day.  
'Tis winter now, long distant is the date  
When I with joy will be insatiate ;  
Whattime the olive blooms and blossoms fair  
And falls from off the Tree just over there.  
Unhappy is this day, alack ! alack !  
To-morrow I must start on my school prac,  
When sorrows come, they come not single spies  
(The learned poet who wrote that was wise.)  
My eyes grow dim, my broken heart cracks on,  
Oh who, oh who, will edit "WEST SAXON ? "

Thus spake he, eaten with despair,  
He rent his gown in twain, he tore his hair,  
And darkly looked he, darkly at the Tree :  
"Oh Tree, my Tree, my great big Tree, help me."  
And lo ! the branches rustled in the breeze,  
(This Tree was not at all like other trees)  
It spake : "Lo ! yonder down the distant hill  
Is Ajax. Ask him, for I'm sure he will  
Not know that it is just an awful fag  
To edit this here chronicle, this mag."

It said. King Morlen rose from off his seat  
And hurried down the hill with hurried feet,  
And said to Ajax, "Put away your pipe,  
And scour the College for sufficient tripe  
To fill "WEST SAXON !" That is what he did.  
What's done, can never, never be undid.

## A DISSERTATION ON DANCING.



THE apostles of Dancing have asked me why I do not dance. I have been told that I have only to believe that I may see its pleasures. I might reply in the manner of a refined and cultured heretic and declare that nothing is so far from my intentions as behaving like a perpendicular snake, moving across a highly-polished floor upon some established and conventionalized form of progression, listening as I execute these ridiculous and stilted manoeuvres to the slobbering and lisping of a sub-anthropoid creature, whose vocalisms in all probability alternate with feats of endurance upon either the saxophone or the saxtuba. But I realise that in criticizing the noble art of Dancing in this way I should be condemning the majority of the men and women that comprise the great British nation as being persons of little or no intelligence—which is not my intention.

No ! The reason why I do not dance is that I am civilized : I am no barbarian. If I indulged in the complicated glides and revolutions that are called Dancing I would reveal myself as a savage superficially refined and enlightened. Never yet have I given way to my lower and animal instincts or been seduced from my complete monastic sanctity so far as to participate in these decayed martial and fertility rites. For must I not maintain the respectability that is as dear to my heart as it is to the hearts of all true Britons ?

Give a man a rifle and he will hold it without emotion. Give a woman a man and she will marry him with remorseless and passionless determination, since war and marriage to-day do not excite the human emotions excessively. But when the world was inhabited by savages, when the cinema and professional football occupied less public attention, war and marriage represented all that was romantic in life. At the festivals that initiated the hostilities, the barbarians expressed their inarticulate feelings by imitative gestures and excited movements, losing all individual sense in the hysteria produced by the monotonous rhythm of the drum. Modern ballroom Dancing encourages neither nudism nor enthusiasm, since a dance is organised not in order that inter-tribal warfare may be waged or that the tribe may prove itself fertile, but that the men and

women of the Great British Nation, whose intellectual interests beyond alcohol and gambling are negligible, may assemble solemnly to enjoy themselves as only Britons can.

It may be, however, that Dancing is returning to its ancient tribal purity, that the so-called Lambeth walk is but an intermediate stage in the return of Dancing to its original unadulterated form, embodying in itself the natural and instinctive fertility cult of primitive man, and that one day, when I am a very old man, renowned for my holiness and virtue, I shall emerge from my hermit's cell to condemn the reintroduction of the dances of Cybele. I am convinced that unless we resist the efforts of those whose religion it is to make Dancing one of the principal occupations of our life, our civilization will be smitten with the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, and be plunged into the darkness of degeneracy and barbarism. I am one of the few non-dancers of renown : I am a prophet in my own country, and I shall not be heard, though time and time again I implore my fellow beings to spurn the Temptation of the Devil and to tread the paths of temperance and virtue.

ROBERT LESLIE.

*(Though you be unheard, dear ROBERT, they will doubtless hear the ringing of the bell ! ED.)*



## US.

(In the not so distant past, a certain man, after being a member of the Students' Union for a number of years, after being elected to S.C., and being entrusted with a responsible position in that body was heard to say, "WHAT IS THE STUDENTS' UNION?" This small still voice, issuing from the abyss of nonentity, has led us to publish the following article).

**H**AVE you ever considered our origin ? why we were formed ? what the forces were which determined our growth ? what ideas and aspirations have contributed towards our progress ? For we were not always as we are now, and there is much interest in tracing the historical and ideological progress from separate individuals into an (at times) unified body of students, which is to-day one of the most distinctive features of University life. In the first place, you may be surprised to learn that our present state of existence scarcely extends beyond the beginning of the present century, and furthermore, that we have to look, first to Scotland, and then to Germany, for the primitive gropings towards the organised and comprehensive system of government which we enjoy to-day. In case you feel that this is developing into an abstruse biological treatise, the above alludes to the growth and development of modern Students' Unions. Doubtless there are some who can see neither value nor relevance in the existence of Student Unions, but it cannot be gain-said that at present the Union is an integral part of University life, and that its disappearance would cause the face of Student life to assume entirely different contours. Where, then, can we first trace the faint beginning of this complex organism ?

The first Student Union societies of any form to be founded in England were the Cambridge Union Society (1815) and the Oxford Union Society (1823). Both were founded as debating societies and private clubs : both have become the largest men's clubs in their respective Universities. But neither is in any sense a representative institution : neither takes any part in the government of the University : neither is open to women. In 1873 the Durham Union Society was founded, which closely followed the form of the Oxford and Cambridge Unions, and is in no sense the fore-runner of the modern Students' Unions.

We have to look to the continent for the progenitor of the modern Union. This is found in the German Studenten Auschuss, which was a form of student co-operation rather than of student representation in University government. But this Studenten Auschuss was the direct inspiration of the first Students' Representative Council in Britain. A student of Edinburgh University, Robert Fitzroy Bell, was impressed and influenced by the Studenten Auschuss at Strasbourg University and returned to Edinburgh to set up a similar organization, which should include an element of student representation in the government of the University. Bell succeeded in gaining the co-operation of the various clubs and societies in the University, and in the Michaelmas term of 1883 a meeting of these clubs was held, at which a constitution was drawn up, and in January 1884, the first Students' Representative Council was elected, whose aims were :

1. To represent the students in such matters as permanently or from time to time affect their interests.
2. To afford a recognized means of communication between the Students and the University authorities.
3. To promote social life and academic unity among the students.

These aims are but slightly narrower than those outlined in our own constitution.

Later the Senatus Academicus gave the Council its blessing, and in 1889 the Edinburgh Council, together with the S.R.C.s founded in the other Scottish Universities were legally recognized as integral parts of their Universities, in the new Universities' (Scotland) Act. So the vision of Bell became a reality in Scotland.

As a result of the success of the Scottish Students' Representative Councils, similar Councils were founded at fairly short intervals in the modern English Universities. It is interesting to note, however, that in Scotland the government of the Unions did not become an integral part of the work of the S.R.C.s, as they did in the English Universities. In Scotland the Representative Council

and the Union have been somewhat separated. The Unions appear to direct the social activities of the students, while the Representative Councils attend rather to the administrative side of student life. The English Students' Council acts, on the one hand, as a representative administrative council, and on the other, controls the collective activities of students in so far as they affect the University. Birmingham University Students' Union received official recognition in its University Charter in 1900, Liverpool in 1903, Leeds in 1904, Sheffield in 1905, and Bristol in 1909.

And what of the history of our own Union? The story of its development from a Committee with comparatively restricted powers into the present autonomous body makes exciting reading. The most significant fact in the Union's growth from the time of its inception about the year 1906 is the gradual transfer of government from the College authorities to a democratically elected body of students responsible for the conduct of the members of the Students' Union. Delving into "the dark backward and abysm of time," we discover that from roughly 1906 to 1921 there existed the College Union, membership of which was compulsory, with a College Union fee of 10/6 per term for men students, and 7/6 for women students. There was no Athletic Union as we know it to-day; there was instead a Central Union, composed of the Chairmen and Secretaries of all affiliated Clubs and Societies, and the Chairmen and Secretaries of the Men's and Women's Common Rooms. Until 1919 there was no Students' Representative Council. Segregation was a serious matter in those days, and so there was a Men's Representative Council and a Women's Representative Council, each directed by its own Chairman; there were thus no such officials as President or Vice-President of the Union. Societies were considerably fewer in number, but the Choral Society, the Literary and Debating Society, the Scientific and Engineering Societies and the Christian Union existed from early times. There was, however, a Women's Physical Culture Club. Athletics was represented by the Association Football, Cricket, Tennis and Men's Swimming Clubs. It appears as if the women were more retiring than to-day, although Netball and Women's Hockey were started after the Great War. These Societies and Clubs were autonomous, obtained a grant from the Central Committee, and held formal committee meetings when necessary. During 1915 the Tennis Club decided "that students serving with the

colours should pay 4d. per diem for such time as they are able to use the courts." In pre-war, and during a number of post-war years there was little contact with other Universities. The Soccer Club arranged Inter-Varsity fixtures with Reading and Exeter, but this was the extent to which inter-University contact was made.

So we pass through the War years to 1919. Great and significant changes take place in the position of the Union. The influx of young ex-service students add a greater degree of independence to that generation of students. The modern conception of student self-government is now gaining recognizable form. The Minutes of the first meeting of the "Students' Self Government Council" in October 1919 are prefaced by the historic words, "This being the first year that Self-Government was granted to the College." The Men's and Women's Representative Councils were swept away, and in their place was a primitive form of our modern Students' Council, elected on a Faculty basis of representation. All the officers, from the President downwards, were elected, not by the Students' Union, but by the Students' Council. This year was essentially one of experiment, and during this and the following one it was questioned whether the system of Self-government was proving successful. But the Students' Council remained faithful. In 1920 Hartley University College ceased to exist, and the new University College of Southampton was born in the present buildings. On a memorable day in the annals of the growth of the Students' Union—the 25th June, 1921, a committee of the Students' Council met to draft the constitution which can be truly called the first modern Union constitution. It was concerned with the election, personnel and powers of the Students' Council, but it is the Magna Carta of the Students' Union of University College, Southampton. On May 12th, 1922, the Constitution was signed by the Principal, Dr. Loveday—now Vice-Chancellor of Bristol—and framed. The Union was established on a firm basis, and although the constitution was redrafted in 1927, and again in 1934, the growth of the Union from 1922 has been natural and spontaneous, until it is now an integral part of University College. On March 11th, 1924, it was decided "to elect the President by the whole body of students, but the other officials to be elected by the Students' Council." On May 4th, 1926, a motion was passed by the Council that "there be two joint

Presidents of the Students' Council, one man and one woman, instead of the existing President and Vice-President . . . this would relieve the President of a lot of work and would give greater incentive for women to take an interest in the work of the Students' Council. It would also provide a definite final representative of both men and women in approaching the authorities in matters peculiar to either men or women"! Curiously enough, this motion never seems to have been put into practice.

On February 18th, 1921, there is the following interesting minute : "A letter was read from the Birmingham University Guild of Undergraduates. The letter concerned the proposed National Union of Students, and the Council were invited to send a delegate to the first meeting which is to be held on March 4th next. It was decided that it would be impossible to send a delegate, also that no particular advantage would be gained by joining the proposed Union. There was a long discussion concerning the attitude of certain students towards the Students' Council, but the meeting decided not to take action at present." Nevertheless, by 1923, the Students' Council was already playing an active part in the affairs of the National Union. The awareness that our own Union was one among other University Unions, was growing, and by 1926 the Students' Union was sufficiently "University conscious" to hold the first Inter-Varsity Debate. The historic nature of this venture is witnessed by the special correspondent to the "Hampshire Advertiser." "At last we have taken our stand in the University world of the British Isles. It has not been easy to make the jump necessary to clear the moat of difficulties which kept us from the castle of those select bodies. But who cares about weeks and weeks of organizing, when the results of all that toil are those which we have witnessed here this week-end ? Never before in the history of our University College have we had an inter-Varsity debate, and we are greatly honoured by the way in which we were supported by our fellow Universities, there being as many as twelve Universities represented by 20 delegates." The motion was, 'That fanatics have contributed more to the progress of the world than have men of sober judgment.' There were nearly eight hundred present in the Assembly Hall. Every year since, there has been an I.V.D., which was later coupled with the Union Ball.

And so on until 1934, when the Constitution was again revised. This session has seen a further development in the policy of co-operation with the College authorities, so that the President, Vice-President and Secretary now have the right to attend discussions with the members of the Development Committee on important matters concerning the interests of students and the College authorities.

On February 28th, 1924, an Athletic Committee was formed to take control of the Athletic side of the Union ; after surmounting many difficulties, the constitution of the "Students' Athletic Union and the Athletic Committee" was ratified by the College Council on 28th November, 1927, whereby the Athletic Committee gained control and administration of the Athletic activities of the College, including control of the Athletic Grounds, Pavilion and equipment, the income and expenditure of the Athletic Union, and the appointment of the Groundsman.

So we arrive at our present position. To what do we look forward ? to the day when we will move into our new Union buildings, when we will be able further to enter into the life of the Union, and to receive guests from sister Unions in surroundings commensurate with the standing of University College, Southampton ; to the continuation of the principles of self-government and self-responsibility ; and to a realisation of the essential part of the Union in the life and well-being of University College.

L. H. MOORE, *President of the Union.*



## VALEDICTION.

 *O South Stoneham House*—the ivy-covered house in the valley which we have all grown to love, and which rumour says is to close next July. “Stoneham” was the first residential hall for men at Southampton, and the greatest. It was originally built for the Sloane family in the time of William and Mary, and was occupied by Sir Samuel Montagu (afterwards Baron Montagu) at the beginning of the present century, before the first college men came into residence in 1921.

The Victoria County History has :

“South Stoneham House, formerly the manor house, built in the early part of the 18th century. . . . To the south of the grounds surrounding the house, and above the Wood Mill, is a salmon pool, probably a relic of the fishery mentioned in Domesday, and the home of the salmon for which the Itchen has become so famous. . . .”

It is appropriate that “Stoneham” and its Warden should cease to be part of us at the same time. We wish Stoneham men great happiness in the future in “the tenement across the Woad.”

To “Wessex”—that revered annual that was begun as a rallying point for all working for the “University of Wessex,” the publication of which has been discontinued. It is significant that the end of “Wessex” coincides with the departure of Prof. Pinto.



## ANIMAL ALLEGORY.



ACH night by the light of the moon sat the Owl  
And the Dove, who were very much crossed in love:  
The Owl and the Dove, who were crossed in love  
Sat in the moonlight clear.

They sat all night till the moon went down  
Over the hills in the Frawley Yown,  
Till the bats and the cats went off to tea,  
And the dog and the snail came over the sea  
To the Land of Hi-de-Ho.

One day the Dove took ill and died,  
And the Owl just cried, and sighed; and cried,  
And sighed and cried, and cried and sighed,  
Till the sun went over the Frawley Yown,  
And the Lark and the Shark went off to town,  
In the Land of Hi-de-Ho.

And the animals met in Hi-de-Ho,  
And said, "Oh no, oh dear, oh no,  
The Owl, this lad, he is so sad :  
So sad this lad, he is quite mad.  
This Owl, dear Owl, this dear little Owl,  
Who loved the Dove, the dear little Dove,  
The dear little, dead little Dove.

"We'll build a school" they said, they said,  
"We'll build a school of cream and lead  
And paint the walls a browny red.  
And the Duck can cook, and the mad little Owl  
Can play the fool in our nice new school,  
In the hills in the Frawley Yown."

And so at night when the moon goes down,  
Over the hills in the Frawley Yown,  
The Owl flies away with sighs and cries,  
And goes to the school of cream and lead  
With walls (as I said) of a browny red,  
And there he plays the fool in the school,  
Till the bats and the cats go off to tea,  
And the Dog and the Snail come over the sea  
To the Land of Hi-de-Ho.



#### MORE MINUTES.

**A**VERY extraordinary Union Bleating, Mr. Bore being in the chair. The minutes were read by the Secretary, Mr. Thinman, and the chairman said : "Isityourwishthat isigntheseminutesasatrueandcorrectrecordofthelastunion bleatingbusinessarising." Mr. A. Smartin Myth, speaking from the floor said No, and the chairman said *non quid*, but it didn't matter anyway because they were now dealing with the business arising. Mr. A. Smartin Myth said : "Oh are we," and sat down.

Mr. Bore said there was no business arising, and that they would now deal with the next item on the agenda, which was correspondence. The secretary said there was no correspondence, and Mr. Bore said they would now pass on to the next item on the agenda, which was A.O.B.B.

Mr. A. Smartin Myth and Mr. Orchard both stood up to speak together, and then both sat down, whereupon Mr. Bore pointed at Mr. A. Smartin Myth and said *Et tu, dicie!* Mr. Myth then said that the minutes had been signed in an undemocratic method, and that he traced the whole procedure to the growth of Fascism. He further proposed the eradication of the signature from the minute-book. The motion was seconded, and the chairman declared it carried *In toto, nemine contradicente* (loud cheers). The secretary then pointed out that it was not possible to eradicate the signature as the minutes had not yet been signed, as the President's pen had run out of ink, and that he (the secretary) was not prepared to lend the President his pen as it was not stipulated in the Constitution. The Secretary then proceeded to read the Constitution to prove this, but was stopped by the intervention of the chairman in the middle of Clause III.

Mr. A. Smartin Myth and Mr. Orchard then both stood up, and then Mr. Myth sat down at the instigation of the chairman. Mr. Orchard proceeded to state that he considered the whole matter indicative of the unequal distribution of raw materials, and a direct blow at democracy. Mr. Wearem awoke from his sleep and proposed a vote of censure on the chairman, which was seconded and carried, there being one dissentient, Mr. Bore, the chairman, who voted, as he said *Ex cathedra*.

The Vice-President blushed and stated that she felt it *incomitant* upon herself to lend the chairman her pen, and that it wasn't hers anyway, so it didn't matter. Mr. Bore borrowed the pen and said: "Is it your wish that is sign these minutes as a true and correct record of the last unionbleating," and declared the meeting closed at 2.57 p.m. (G.M.T.)

ASHMEC.

## THE RIVER.



*HE school, overlooking the valley, saw the river in all its moods; the wide-flung panorama a pleasaunce of the mind rather than the eye.*

How true this was! Not concretely and statistically true, not glinting with a hard positivist inevitability, thought Mr. Thompson with satisfaction as he was writing it, but true poetically, ultimately, as of inward revelation. He became incoherent in his creative joy. He paused, and looked at the Thing that had come from him so miraculously. Soul-animating strains!

That was many years ago. Mr. Thompson had never intended himself for the teaching profession, but unfortunately he had drifted into it, as he would have said, because of the pressure of economic necessity. He went about his work with efficiency but with quiet lassitude. His true mission was to be revealed to him as a writer. A sombre urge was always goading him to write, write, write. Day after day he was planning the satisfaction of this urge, and amid the incessant struggle against economic insufficiency he vowed always to snatch whatever spare time he could for the purpose of planning and executing stories, articles, and poetry, which he could publish in the first perspicacious periodical that should have the good-fortune to recognise the genius burning in him. But the spare time was chary of his snatching; when it arrived it found him inadequately equipped. Through no fault of his own, but rather because of the unceasing renewal of hard work heaped upon him in connection with his school-routine, he found himself tired and disinclined at those times when an intermission permitted of literary creation. Year after year, and he had still published nothing; yet the urge persisted. He would now write a novel, a long, quietly tragical novel, the hero a subtle dithyramb of his own soul. The novel was a permanent presence in his mind, like an evening mist hovering about a wooded slope. At times an isolated incident would swirl up unbidden from the depths of his sparse experience, and he would consider it for probable inclusion in a chapter. He intended to begin next week, when it became his turn to take the last period off on Thursday. . . .

Very little came ; but Mr. Thompson was not dismayed or desolate, for he was not yet defeated. He was still a writer, and had had his moments of triumphant creation. Odd phrases of poetic value and vivid descriptive bursts had been carefully noted down in numerous note-books which he constantly kept at hand for such a purpose. As he pored over them, and considered them, his battles long ago, several outstanding efforts would burn a track upon his brain, like a not-yet-irritating popular tune.

*The school, overlooking the valley, saw the river in all its moods ; the wide-flung panorama a pleasaunce of the mind rather than the eye.*

From the windows of the Staff-room, the river was to be seen shining clear or glinting mistily as it spread itself forward to the sea. The other masters took no notice at all of the scene. Occasionally a young new master would say something about the Good View From Here, but that was as far as it went, for such talkativeness was not encouraged in young new masters, and a grunt from Baylis or Schoales usually disconcerted them permanently with regard to the scenery. But Mr. Thompson, holding the privilege of the veteran, went to the window every morning and gazed at the ever-new splendour of the river. In winter it glowed dully, like a huge leaden serpent, now glinting in the cold frosty sunlight, now hardly visible in the valley mists ; in summer it became the multitudinous bright-glistening swords and helmets of a wide-deployed advancing host.

"The River" was Mr. Thompson's favourite "composition," for the unruly scholars of his form. When you Get Into the Upper Fourth you Gotta Do an Essay On the River was an accepted tradition amongst the boys. When the annual occasion came, "Go upstairs," he would say, "look out of the window, from the Staff-room. Go on, take a good look. Now go down and write a composition on the river." Year after year he made his class troop up, in single file ; each boy was made to look long at the beauty beneath him, and troop back again to his classroom and apply himself to an essay on "The River." Each essay invariably began : *The school, overlooking the valley, sees the river in all its moods ; the wide-flung panorama a pleasaunce of the mind rather than the eye.* After this initial flight, however, which Mr. Thompson always wrote up on the board, with inward joy, for the guidance of his

pupils, the compositions generally trailed off disappointingly. Mr. Thompson was informed each year that the river rose in the Weald, and had its estuary in the Channel ; he was assured of its length, depth and breadth ; of the highest navigable point ; of the principal products of the surrounding country, and the imports of its coastal harbour ; he was told that its upper reaches often turned mills at various industrialised points, and that the North Sussex Railway branch line ran along its banks because of the engineering and economic convenience of making it run thus.

Now and then, indeed, a boy in a thousand would show some kind of elemental sensitiveness, but for the most part such feelings were apparently put away hastily by the majority of boys as unmanly. He remembered only a few outstandingly good essays ; he remembered having given the writers nine plus, but on the whole the efforts of his pupils were very poor. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

*Extract from the "Daily Telegraph" :*

"It is most pleasing to note that among the Birthday Honours this year is the award of O.M. to Mr. Henry Conway. Mr. Conway holds without doubt first place among contemporary novelists and essayists, and the award is somewhat tardy when we consider the amazing output of literary excellence of his sixty-eight years of life. Readers will perhaps remember that Mr. Conway was not long ago the centre of a remarkable literary find. While working on the demolition of an old school in Sussex a labourer unearthed a number of old exercise-books, amongst which was one of Mr. Conway's old composition books. Unfortunately it contained only one essay, on "The River" (the river Arun, which was to be seen from the school windows). It is not known who the master of the Upper Fourth was at that time, and Mr. Conway said on the occasion that he was unable to recall his name, but must we conclude, limited as was probably the range of vision and appreciation of that humble teacher, that he was entirely unresponsive to and unconscious of the budding genius in his midst ? Hardly, for the opening sentence of this schoolboyish effort is in itself remarkably eloquent, and already in Mr. Conway's now well-known style :

*The school, overlooking the valley, sees the river in all its moods ;  
the wide-flung panorama a pleasaunce of the mind rather than the eye.*

## SHADOWS.



OMETIME the comer and the new reader,  
the note taker, the recorder,  
the singer and the tale teller  
put, hand down a name that memory  
holds after the last context has gone.  
Cerdic, Gewis, Stuf—and nonsense—  
these have fallen in the history of Hampshire,  
have lain ten memories wide of the truth  
yet still are remembered,  
still are bases of permutations.

Who Port was? When Wihtgar?  
Philologists will garner roots for them,  
archaeologists find pots,  
and the ghost—Arthur—will kill  
and ride and ride and kill  
always amongst the imaginers of myth.

Daydreams like these—  
rowing up the estuaries,  
pushing along the narrow, choked streams,  
hacking, axe-strong, through the forests,  
hewing a land for ploughs and oxen,  
finding the Downs opening out to a conquest—  
these are our escape.

Into the twining fibres of origins,  
from a Dark Age to a Darker (with Romance)—  
a bomb suspended in air driving us into cellars  
our thoughts climb  
down.

## UNIVERSITY EDITORS IN CONFERENCE.

F the Conference of Editors convened by the N.U.S. did nothing else, it must have driven many to introspection regarding the state of their own particular pigeon. There must have been many who began to wonder if their own magazine fulfilled any useful function. We learnt that Mr. Nunn May, while at Birmingham, was given the task of editing the University magazine, and he immediately suppressed it, as consisting merely of "the esoteric outpourings of the Arts' Faculty, and a medley of dull Society notes which were out of date by the time of issue."

We have a haunting feeling that "WEST SAXON" has been sometime in the past, and might be even now, of like calibre. If it still is, it is time it was suppressed. Not that "esoteric outpourings," or outpourings of any sort are bad in themselves. It is a great thing to have the ability to express in words one's hopes and fears, pains and sorrows. It is a creative outlet that should be cultivated and encouraged. What is bad is that such writings should be printed at the expense of the Students' Union. Love poems and the like, which are the result of vivid experience, which are of personal rather than of literary value, should be kept to one's self, and read, perhaps, to one's intimate friends, to whom communication might be possible.

Literature that is merely the means of saving the writer from what A. A. Milne calls the "Hell of Not Writing" should never be published. But there is a type of literature that is of value to others, that can easily be communicated to the world at large, that can help others in their wanderings in the maze of doubts that we call Life.

So therefore, the editor of a magazine should consider those who read as well as those who write. Indeed, the reader should be the primary consideration. We do not advocate that the writer should pander to the reader as the national press panders to the public under the pretext of "giving the public what it wants." But the *raison d'être* of writing is communication to others.

University magazines are not solely of literary value—or they should not be. They can be a means of arousing the interest of students in student problems, health, unemployment, refectory

services, and the like. At the conference it was decided to set up a system of exchange of news between every university in the country, that students should know what is happening elsewhere.

But for students to be interested in the problems of students only is not enough : they must be acutely conscious of the problems of our present civilisation. Everyone at the conference was aware that university magazines can be an admirable means of stimulating discussion and interest in the vital things of life : that they can be mediums of expression for the people who live rather than exist, those who wish to understand, comprehend, and if need be, improve life and society. And, what is more important, they can be uncontrolled mediums of expression, not anchored by the dead weight of advertisers.

Much evidence was brought forward at the conference of attempts to muzzle student publications. There are many universities in the country where a rigorous censorship is enforced. During the past session there has been trouble at St. Andrew's, Leeds, and Newcastle.

Here at Southampton we have a degree of freedom and self-government in the student body that we value and highly appreciate. But this is no reason why we should not view with alarm the attempts at muzzling in other universities. Wickham Steed recently wrote : "The problem of the Press is the central problem of democracy." This is no exaggeration. We must therefore hope for the success of the following resolution, which was passed unanimously at the Conference, and which is being sent to all Students' Unions and Vice-Chancellors throughout the country :

#### RESOLUTION.

"That this conference of university magazine and news-sheet editors views with alarm the evidence of increasing attempts at censorship in certain universities by authorities and Student Councils, and considers that the British Universities should maintain their tradition of freedom of expression. It further considers that censorship should not be exercised except upon libellous or pornographic material, and that editors should only be disciplined for a breach of their terms of reference, use being made of their electors' democratic right of censure."

## ON TOBACCO.

 HAVE often wondered at the insignificant place allotted to tobacco in contemporary literature ; after all, its use is almost as universal as that of soap, for instance, and while the latter is almost invariably excluded from the printed page, this is to be expected. Soap stirs few emotions, and brings consolation to a negligible number of Tormented Spirits; it cleanses but does not cure, and is not balm to the soul. Tobacco is different. We fly to it in times of stress, and revel in its soothing vapours in our deep contentment. Indeed, I am more than willing to admit that as a subject, tobacco is far beyond my humble abilities; were it not, in fact, for the literary neglect in which I see languishing so divine a weed, I should never have the temerity to put myself to so severe a test. I am aware that many protesting voices will be raised, and many quivering fingers pointed at the slighted masterpieces of Lamb and Barrie. I bow my head to the storm, but, none the less, insist. Great works there may be, but they are not enough.

Tobacco, be it known, may be smoked, snuffed or even chewed. And even though we discard chewing as unseemly, and snuffing as unlikely, there yet remain three Major Divisions ; and all are worthy of development. Yet, loth as I am to admit it, I am still incapable of discussing them all with authority. The Cigar is a lovely thing, God wot, and its aroma induces visions of a more heavenly Heaven, a more indulgent Paradise ; but it is not within my reach, and I dare not aspire to praise it, for I am of those simple souls who know not "panatela" from "corona," and take "flor fina" at its face value. But there are other spheres within the Realm of Smoke in which I do not admit of such incompetence ; I know the quick pleasure of the day's first cigarette, and the more solid satisfaction of the contemplative pipe. And, I must admit it, I am biassed. For me there can be no doubt or question ; as well compare cider and old Brandy as a cigarette and a pipe. For if one brings quick relief, the other offers the contemplative pleasure which is true contentment.

Sometimes I think that we can trace a man's character in his smokes : the chap with a fag in his face makes a wise-crack, while the gentleman smoking a pipe produces a rolling jest ; the billiard-

sharp lights his fortieth gasper, while the out-door man sucks happily at an old and friendly briar. I do not want to be unduly hard on cigarette-smokers ; there are, in all probability, some very Sound Fellows who smoke cigarettes almost exclusively—or at any rate who have only a very occasional pipe. But the fact remains that there is something about a pipe ; it has a certain air. You might have a cigarette with a glass of beer ; but with a Tankard of Ale you would turn rather to the more subtle and yet more solid comfort of a Peterson.

I would go further. Has it ever occurred to you how great a place Tobacco, properly and comfortably taken, might play in world affairs ? There are some men to-day—they shall be nameless, but who can doubt their identity?—who might well benefit therefrom. No Dictator, no matter how fanatical, could threaten civilisation with the catastrophe of war if he first considered his projects in the comfort of a deep arm-chair, aiding his reflection the while with a pipeful of St. Bruno or even of Craven Curly Cut. And who can imagine the great Italian watching unmoved the death-throes of stricken Abyssinia, if he knew the influence of my Lady Nicotine ? Rather would he recall his victorious legions, and hope that on some great and happy day the objects of his mercy might produce a rival to the mighty Edgeworth . . . and very much cheaper.



#### THE UNIVERSITY WITS.

On freedom of the will and liberty  
You hold prolonged debate,  
Scorning the bourgeoisie with deepest hate  
And scorning—seek to emulate,  
While the poor man sweats and dies  
To keep this luxury you prize  
This luxury of seeming wise.

## TWO AMERICANS WRITE HOME.

"She is a very good-looking blonde . . ."

MISS ELIZABETH WALKER TO MRS. ALOYSIUS D. WALKER,  
1633 — Street,  
Detroit.

DEAR MOM,

Is it six weeks since I wrote? It doesn't seem so very long to me, but there's such a lot going on all the while here that I don't get a chance to do many things such as write letters. If I get sick or anything I'll write quick enough. Now I have sat down, however, I may as well tell you what I've been doing, but No, that would take too long. Anyway, everything here at this University is grand and I am having wonderful time. I have had several interviews with the aged fathers about what I have to read for my Degree, but I cannot do much work yet as it does not seem to have been definitely decided. I had to see the Dean or Principal or somebody at the end of the first week and he said I think you had better do some English Literature don't you think, and I answered I don't know and that I thought I would prefer French Literature, and he only said: Yes. So how do I know *what* to do? He was in a hurry. I think because there were a lot of other students lined up outside apparently waiting to go in. I had been to have an interview with a sort of Committee previously and they said your Tutor will be Mr. So-and-so but for the life of me I cannot remember what the name was now, and haven't received any notice, so do not quite know what to do about it. I suppose they will let me know sooner or later.

Everybody here is very nice and friendly and the men are very nice and far more chivalrous and considerate to you than in America although I do not know which I like best for looks as far as that goes, but they are all very friendly. You hear a lot in the United States about English reserve and coldness, etc. It's bunk! And polite, too! Most of them raise their hats, or say sorry, or little charming things like that, in fact they make you feel at home and do not come the fresh angle. There is a fellow by the name of Bill Douglas for example, when he crashed into me last Wed. outside the library, he wanted to take me to the first aid room (that's in an annexe over the way) and bandage my arm for me, as it must be badly bruised he said. There is a fellow called Dan Trelawney

at the French Lit. lectures who *always* gets a chair for me—that is, when I'm there! I'm afraid I don't seem to have much time to go to many lectures, and as I said, I don't quite know what I should be doing. There are not many very attractive women though—most of them are inclined to be kind of spiteful and "catty." For example I might have told you about a Miss Perks in my last letter—she's been trying to get the rolling eye to work on Pat O'Mahoney for some little time now; she's plump and no taste like most of them, although she's got quite nice eyes when you look at her closely. I know she has been trying to find out something scandalous about me from the other American girl here, from Wattsville. She (the girl from Wattsville) is very homely in looks but a nice disposition, although she likes highbrow stuff on the radio, and I'll say there's plenty of opportunity for that over here——

The Arts dance is on Sat. and five different fellows have asked me to go. It will be hard to decide who to go with. There's Harry Davis—he's a bit wild though, and might be embarrassing if there's a bar. He does not seem to mind what he does at times. For example there is a rule here that we must be in by eleven o'clock and the crazy fool had the nerve to phone me at *two-thirty in the morning* one night last week. He must have been drunk, at *that* time. Anyhow, Juggy Brown answered the Hall phone (its outside her study door almost) and was mad at being alarumed up just as she was settled. She pretended she did not know where my room was, and rushed up and down opening doors and shrieking that I was wanted on the phone. As a consequence of this I find myself a considerable number of dollars out of pocket, as a fine, because the funny part was, that it was discovered *I had not yet come in for the night!* I'll get all that money back out of friend Davis, don't you worry.

Well that is only one of the many things but cannot tell you more as I am no good at writing letters so will close as I want to hear Fats Waller—he's being relayed this eve straight from our own real civilization, and the thought makes me sentimental.

Your darling daughter,

BETTY.

"She is very homely in looks . . ."

MISS MADELEINE FALUN TO MRS. E. FALUN.

The Avenue,  
Wattsville,  
N. Carolina.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Thank you for the knitted scarf and the press cuttings about uncle George, which I have just received by the last post. They reminded me that I have not written home for nearly a fortnight. But the truth is there is not really very much to write home about. This place seemed quite interesting at first but now already I find myself becoming fed-up with it here and wishing I were back in Wattsville with you and dad, and the Fall Semester only about half way through as yet. How the time drags! But no, I suppose that's just an attack of ordinary home-sickness though. Don't think I am unhappy here, I enjoy it very much really, but I think I have got to knowing just about all there is to know concerning this particular University, and that is not much. I discovered finally that it is really a very dull and monotonous and quite *limited* place. I often think sometimes that everyone here seems to be so very childish, although I suppose that sounds like a school-mistress and a prig at that. I hope I am really seeing things as they are however. They all (the students I mean) seem very polite for the most part, as the English gentlemen (or women) is supposed to be, but I think their politeness is *mechanical*, and seems to have no real feeling behind it. However, perhaps this is on account of their reserve, for it is very true, what you hear said, that the English are extremely reserved in temperament, except when they are in amongst their own set or clique, when often they become quite noisy and boisterous. I find it very difficult to make friends, or even acquaintances, as they all seem so exclusive and wrapped up in themselves. Nobody seems to want to speak to you, and if you say anything to them they seem to resent it somehow. However, they are always giving teas and suppers to us "overseas students," and I attend these, although I do not think I shall for very much longer, as they all seem to be given by some sanctimonious religious sect. Don't imagine I am ungrateful for they are really very hospitable on these occasions, but their

attitude of pitying patience toward sin (what an oily, unctuous Hebrew-sounding word) irritates me. As a general rule everyone individually is very cold and distant, although the women are not so bad as the men in this respect.

There is another American girl here, as I may have told you before. She is a very good-looking blonde from Detroit and seems to be getting around quite a lot and enjoying things. Perhaps she can see more in it than I can. She is very cheerful and does not seem to care much for the authorities, being in trouble with the Warden the other day. Also she does not do much work—I hope they don't send her down or anything. She is about the only one here I know properly, and I don't see much of her.

They are having a dance given by the Arts Faculty on Saturday, but I don't suppose I shall be going, as I must not spend too much money and have got quite a lot of work to make up which is in arrears.

One of my consolations is the radio which I have in my room. There has been some rather good quiet swing music coming through from one of their stations here, and I must break off this letter soon as I want to hear Rimsky-Korsakov's Symphonic Suite, which is just about due. They have quite good programmes over the radio, not so much vulgarity and blaring voices. And by the way, have you ever noticed how much better dance music sounds when you're listening to it alone? It is quarter to ten now and I shall have to post this in the morning. Love to dad and aunt Mary.

From your affectionate daughter,

MADELEINE.



## LIBEL.

(N.B.—*The writer has already begun to pack.*)



R. P— —,  
Is a rotter ;  
He prefers front-mutation  
To spiritual regeneration.

A man named X— —,  
Was seen without knickers ;  
When told it wasn't done,  
He said "What's the good of my being at U.C.S.  
If I can't have a bit of fun ? "

Prof. Wr— ,  
Is a bit of a blight :  
There aren't any ways  
Of getting out of his essays.

Mr. L— —,  
Shaid ashk a p'leeshman,  
If I should ever shink  
To dhrink.



## JOURNEY NOWHERE.

"Life is a journey," said our education,  
So we prepared, although we found it slow ;  
At twenty-one, left stranded at the station,  
We've heaps of luggage and nowhere to go.

STEINBERG.



## BUREAUCRATS' TRIANGLE.

### *The President of the Union.*

Leonard Harry Moore came to U.C.S. in 1934, after wasting the early years of his life at Rockferry High School, Birkenhead. He has spent his time here running Cross-Country, and running the S.C.M. and Toc H. He graduated in English last July, and is now theoretically taking Dip. Since his election to the Presidency, Len has revealed in himself a great knowledge and an acute understanding of student problems. He has proved a very able chairman of S.C., the most important function of the Presidency, and he has found the true relationship between the ultimate ideal and the immediate possibility. We must pay tribute to his conscientiousness, his sincerity, and his keen interest in the affairs of the Union. He said his reactions to the presidency were "mingled pride and fear"—or was it "bride and beer." He spent the long vacation learning Latin phrases, and spent last term mastering the art of walking to College in a decorous manner.

### *The Secretary of the Union.*

Thomas Jack Kingman, called "Tree" for shortness. He came from Weymouth Grammar School in 1935, and has filled a space in the Second Soccer XI for a number of years. He has proved an efficient and able Secretary, and manages to combine a sense of humour with official seriousness. He has two great failings: one of them is falling off chairs.

### *The Vice-President.*

Olive Comben is also a product of Weymouth Grammar School. "They went to school together; they came to college together." Perhaps they'll both get . . . Dip. together. She is captain of Netball and Tennis, but may have to give up all sport, and she finds her duties as Vice-Pres., winding up clocks, and seeing to the calendars, very exacting. As she says . . . "It's worse than doing Time."

U. LEJY.

## THE EX-SERVICE MAN.



T'S when I'm alone in the Autumn,  
When I walk thro' shadowy trees,  
And the leaves dance about in the moonlight,  
And the branches creak in the breeze.

It's then that I hear them behind me,  
And I look for a place to run,  
And I see in the gloom of the bushes  
The threatening nose of a gun.

It's when I'm alone in the Autumn  
That I hear the roll of the drum,  
And the sound of muffled marching,  
And I know that dead men come.

I can hear the march, march, marching,  
The marching of muffled feet.  
And I try to run into the darkness  
Away from those muffled feet.

I know that they're right behind me  
I can feel them clawing my legs. . . .  
I can feel their touch in the darkness  
I can feel their touch on my legs.

Blinded by terror I fall to the ground  
And lie waiting for Death to come. . . .  
Then I hear a rustle behind me  
And I leap to my feet at the sound  
And I laugh aloud in the darkness  
I laugh at the leaves at my feet,  
Those dead yellow leaves in the darkness  
That I thought were dead men's feet.

## MR. PIM PASSES BY.



ENJOYED this year's Stage Society production, but I must admit that the acting and presentation had much more interest for me than the play itself. It has for years been the great failing of the Stage Society that it never attempts a play of great intrinsic value, or a play really to test the capabilities of the players. Every year we have a cast of excellent actors and actresses, but—for modesty no doubt—the Society never produces a play equal to their ability. I know this has been often said : it was said in the *Echo* : but it cannot too often be reiterated. Most of us would prefer to see the Stage Society just miss absolute success with an excellent play, than perform a mediocre play adequately.

The producer, Mr. Holland, and his associate Mr. Bell, deserve great credit for the whole production, and in particular for the casting. The latter must have been difficult, but it is clear that with the material at their disposal, they made the very best choices.

Dorothy Binning and Campbell Matthews, as Olivia and George Marden, J.P., made a very good middle-aged pair. They had to bear the brunt of the play, yet every scene in which they were the focus of attention, was made interesting. Dorothy Binning is a natural actress : her delivery is consistently lifelike, every word is perfectly clear, her actions natural and self-evident. She, least of all the characters seemed to be acting. When the Stage Society fail to find a play with a "Binning" character in it, it will be a sad day.

Campbell Matthews, with no previous experience with the Stage Society—in itself a Liberal Education, did surprisingly well. He began a little too gruffly and stiffly, but after a short while on the stage acted George well. He put over the character's good nature, prejudices, inability to deal with moral problems, and pomposity, with no little power.

It is in the other characters that the slightness of the play is shown. Neither George nor Olivia are profound or subtle studies, but they are a good deal more lifelike than the rest. Audrey Daniels is an experienced and lively actress, but I feel that she could find

little to grasp in the character of Dinah, and her acting suffered from this. The naivety and vitality which were the main characteristics of Dinah, she acted excellently. Robert Leslie, as Brian Strange, made a good partner, and made as much as possible of the slight caricature with which he had to deal.

Mr. Carraway Pim is the supreme example of the kind of character produced by a play in which the plot is more important than the character study. He is a mere cipher, a mechanical device to produce the desired action. A robot would be the perfect actor to fill the part. Andrews had a most unenviable task, but did very well. He was as anonymous as a human actor could be, but gave the impression of being hen-pecked by an invisible shrew.

Iris Oades was a good stage maid, and Jean Townend as Lady Marden was sufficiently like a well preserved County Lady, except that her voice was not deep enough—an impossible requirement I know, with a young actress.

The general impression was of a well rounded production. The cast evidently worked well together.

ALAN SMITH.

#### NOT CONSUMMATION.

The nearly true  
the parting of her lips  
The almost masterful  
command they gave.

Lamp's indecision  
on the street  
The bicycle of fear  
that drove between.

## WAR-MAIMED.

(From the Spanish of Pedro Garfias, political commissar of the Villafranca battalion).



Y youth was of the germinal rock.  
My blood was flame and flashed with lightning.  
My feet went light through the land  
lightly as the hours in the spring.  
Now,  
With my legs useless and broken,  
how heart-weary is the hill,  
how unending the wandering of my life !

In my eyes I had two springs  
whence sprang colour and forms of beauty :  
delicate-etched figures of women  
like the swift gazelles,  
clear-streamed rivers  
and sweet-sounding trees on the banks,  
in the groves of the poplars.  
Now in impenetrable night I walk,  
and my eyes are blinded.  
The word of shame burns in my brows.  
Cripple, they say :  
Voice of the morrow answers alone.  
O you, the nation's maimed  
May the nation's woman place her lips on your dried-up  
wound,  
and her good red blood  
flood your tried heart.  
May the rose flourish on your hacked-off arm-stumps  
and the spike of the corn in your empty eye-sockets :  
may the breast of the world open flower  
and place the sweetness of her buds,  
the dew-honey of her breathing,  
against your dried wound,  
oh you the war-blasted.

F. E. H.

## LOTOS.



DREAMT we glided down a stream,  
Just you and I,  
Watching with all its shadow ghosts  
The moonlit sky.  
The sails lay motionless and still  
In breathless air.

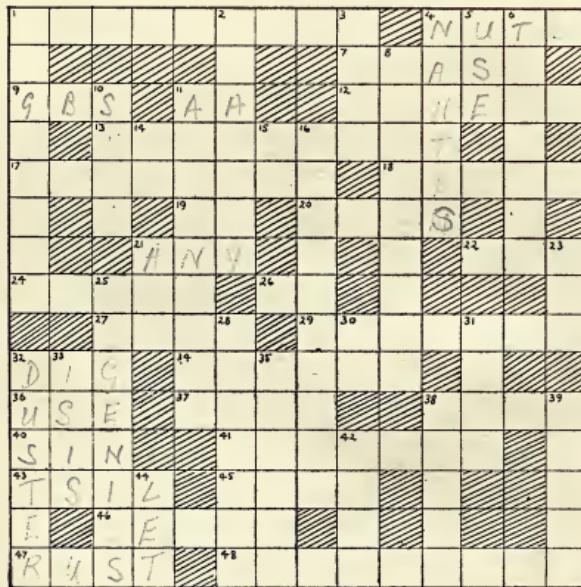
I dreamt I felt your fingers playing  
In my hair.  
I dropp'd the oars and left the boat  
To go its way,  
As buried in each other's arms  
We lay.

I dreamt the boat went from its course  
To stay  
Stranded upon a muddy bank ;  
We lay  
Oblivious to our misfortune ;  
Nor did we.  
Glide down that stream t'Eternity  
But woke too late to save Calamity.



## CROSSWORD.

Compiled by "BLUG," our Cross Word expert.  
The solution will appear in *Wessex News* on March 7th.



### CLUES ACROSS.

- Once squared the accounts, but no longer primitive. (9).
- Xmas fare : what I have to say to the Editor of *West Saxon*. (4).
- What the Editor will do to the choicest pieces in my articles. (5).
- What G. B. S. likes most. (3).
- Romeos who have breakdowns must avoid this organisation. (2).
- You shouldn't touch this with a car. (6).
- Natives, a trifle warm. (9).
- "It's — — I did some work ! " (2 words, 4, 4.).
- The best time in our lives, says my father. (5).
- Conjunction. (2).
- Prophet (4).

21. — broken hearts to mend. (3).
22. A number of scenes. (3).
24. English River. (5).
26. What we hope every good girl says ! (2).
27. A plain and unadulterated one. (4).
29. A pal of Wycliffe. (7).
32. Excavate.
34. Spoil. (6).
36. Handle an instrument. (3).
37. You can't count your chickens before you make a coop of this. (4).
38. You'll see one in *West Saxon*. (4).
40. It's one to make a statement that is false, says popular song. (3).
41. Rule of an emperor. (7).
43. This list certainly has a list. (4).
45. Mythological blacksmith's shop which can still be seen. (4).
46. A boorish fellow. Wouldn't Dr. Potter like the spelling ! (5).
47. What the academic brain soon suffers from. (4).
48. A bottle-party, or a seminar ? (9).

#### CLUES DOWN.

1. Used at the Battle of Zama, but we would use tanks. (8).
2. A letter changed and it would be a standard. A pile without an N. (7).
3. A tear, but you can shed one when you part with it. (4).
4. You all know the date of the edict. (6).
5. Employ. (3).
6. Adjective of spasmodic malady. (7).
8. How I behave at the Old Boys' Dinner. (9).
10. Kindly depart ! (two words, 2, 2).
11. Women sometimes find this type of male annoying. (9).
14. Exclamation of surprise. (2).
15. Letter. (2).
16. An inhabitant of one of Musso's towns. (10).
21. Girl's name. (3).
23. Spread hay. (3).
25. Bigger and better babies. (8).
28. Anyone who does this annoys me. (7).
30. Preposition. (2).
31. Small but hard to crack. (4).
32. Weapon of the housewife. (6).
33. She's an exotic goddess, though she sounds cold. (4).
35. Finally. (6).
38. We're full of them. (5).
39. Title. (5).
42. It's a racket ! (4).
44. To allow, a sale's alternative. (3).



#### SOUTH STONEHAM.

HE session began very inauspiciously. The crisis that had immediately preceded the beginning of term had left its mark on Stoneham. The smooth lawn at the back of the House had been turned up at regular intervals as if some gigantic mole had been at work. Further inquiries, however, revealed that the underground tunnel from Stoneham down towards the "Salmon Pool" made an admirable A.R.P. shelter and hence the excrescences.

But the term got under way. A new matron and vice-matron graced these lordly halls, while the House Meetings proved as turbulent as in the previous term. An eminent biological student, as irrepressible as ever, continued to deliver to the plaudits of an assembled House harangues which, undoubtedly deserved more than a cursory reference in the minutes of the proceedings.

The Formal Entertainment, however, proved to be the high spot of the term, for not only did the decorations surpass our wildest dreams, but the entertainment, which was, perhaps, the most successful ever staged, showed that original composition and material can be immensely popular.

The College Sing-Song was a fitting climax to the Autumn Term. The common-room was choc-a-block with people, and those who could not find a seat on the floor, accommodated themselves elsewhere.

On our return after the Christmas vacation, further changes in the House personnel had taken place. Dr. Ladborough has been appointed Vice-Warden in the place of Mr. Ackroyd who has gone abroad.

The Warden, during the Spring Term, has cancelled all except his most important engagements, partly for the sake of his health and partly to avail himself of the opportunity to make more intimate connections with the resident students. With this in view a rota has been arranged for sitting on High-Table, and on every Monday evening three or four members of the House are entertained to coffee in the Senior Common Room. It is a gesture which is very much appreciated.

And now with the second term well on its way, we look forward with nervous apprehension to future developments.

### CONNAUGHT HALL.

Unusually quiet and dignified (to say the least) is all that can be whispered of Connaught so far this session. We have on occasion, been a little gay—a successful Entertainment and an O.T.C. dance have tempered the pervading spirit of work. We greatly enjoyed the Entertainments given by the other Halls, and herewith express our thanks to them.

The Inter-Hall Soccer and Rugger games will bring, no doubt, plenty of "relaxation," as also will the indoor games tournaments now being organised in Hall. We have a new Dartboard, so why not come down and play us Highfield?

A feeling of pride prompts the remark that we are this year sheltering the President of the Union.

Finally, a hearty welcome to M. Behar, the newly appointed French lecturer.

### RUSSELL HALL.

It is often useful, if not always inspiring, to look back at the past. In the distant days of '37, the acquisition of a darts board was recorded in the Hall Notes, and the hope was expressed that there would be an improvement in the social life of Russell Hall. Certainly that dart board has done its work well, but surely darts should not be the beginning and end of the social lives of Russell men? Although there are a few really keen members, there are far too few actively interested in Hall life.

The entertainment and dance held last term was well attended, and it was pleasing to see so many of the Staff there. The dancing, never a major feature for Russell men, was much enlivened by the energy of a certain member of Staff and partner. The entertainment, though perhaps presented with the Hall's too familiar spirit of spontaneity, was nevertheless well received, and many were the laughs brought forth by the mock A.U. Meeting.

During the Christmas Vacation some keen men, with the valued assistance of a member of Montefiore Hall, cleaned and painted the Hall's new room.

The work of encouraging more Russell men to participate actively in Union affairs is still continuing. This term, a successful gathering in the form of a "Smoker" has been held. This was well attended, and proved more attractive than dancing to many members of the Hall. As this was the idea in the mind of the Committee, the success of this part of the constructive work it is doing is encouraging.

Altogether we feel that progress has been made, and we hope to maintain this in the future.

### HIGHFIELD HALL.

The Lares and the Penates have sought out Highfield as their temple, and warmth and welcome have been the prevailing note throughout this session. Apart from the usual Formal and Informal Entertainments at which originality and individuality were respectively manifested, members of Staff, German refugees and naval cadets, have all testified to the hospitable charm of Highfield hostesses.

The newly instituted formal dinners have proved a welcome innovation, the Principal, the Vice-Principal, and the Registrar have been amongst those whom we have been privileged to entertain.

We were fortunate in having the opportunity of extending a truly English welcome to 50 or so German refugees on their first night on friendly soil. None of us will ever forget that pitiful circle of tired pale faces gathered around the Common Room fire.

Our doors were once more opened wide for a worthy cause, when the Hall lent its welcoming atmosphere to ensure the success of the Dance in aid of Spanish Relief.

The appearance of the Ping-Pong table in the Common Room has proved extremely popular and indeed so proficient have we become in this delicate art that we have been able to put up a sporting if not very strong opposition to the cadets of South Hill. Rumour has it that Connaught, not to be outdone, is thinking of challenging us at darts ; is it true that Stoneham intends to play us at Patience ?

Lastly, our thanks to Connaught, Montefiore, Russell and Stoneham for the welcome we have received at their entertainments and may we express the hope that their hospitality has been duly reciprocated here.

#### MONTEFIORE HALL.

Although our four Freshers and those spared us from last session only total twenty-two, we are glad to say that the "Spirit of Unity," mention of which is now almost a ritual in these reports, still pervades us. Since the last issue of *West Saxon* we have acquired a large and venerable Chesterfield and a new leak in the roof. In spite of the fact that the former became uninhabitable during the wet spell, because of the latter, our lunch-time programme of sandwiches and causerie has been as lively as ever.

Our Entertainment, at the end of January, was up to our usual high standard—need more be said ? We have enjoyed the hospitality of the other Halls, for which we cordially thank them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Previous chroniclers of Montefiore have been content with a short account, such as the above, of a few of our activities. This seems to assume, in a way unwarranted by actuality, an understanding by the rest of College of our position. It is therefore not undesirable that we should take the trouble to recall occasionally certain facts.

Each member of Montefiore (as of Russell) carries a quite disproportionate weight of the sacred reputation of College. On our progress, behaviour and report College is largely judged by its immediate hinterland. This very important area includes our homes, a wide circle of friends, the local schools, and through them, a stream of potential members of U.C.S. Desirable as it undoubtedly is to have support from more distant regions, we realise that College cannot expect this unless and until a really flourishing local tradition and an enthusiastic local interest are firmly implanted. Ultimately it is to Southampton that we must look for practical support,

just as the town has the right to look to us for all that a University can give a community. While we do not forget direct official contact with L.E.A., and the part played by graduates on school practice, we insist that the sometimes despised "home student" is the vital force in developing this natural and spontaneous local loyalty without which a University cannot live.

Every member of Montefiore realises her responsibility; our loyalty to U.C.S. is persistent, practical and zealous. Families sometimes resent the time now taken up with College activities which used to be spent at home; friends tend to complain of neglect; and we are naturally barred from many advantages of communal life. . . . Yet, getting as it were the worst of both worlds, and living a life of unhappy compromise, we nevertheless produce graduates of no inferior quality, and also take an active part in Union affairs, a member of S.C., the Vice-captains of Hockey and Tennis, the Presidents of the Debating and Stage Societies and S.C.M., the Vice-President of the Arts Faculty, and the Secretary of the L.N.U. being this session amongst our numbers.

Two conclusions emerge from this slight survey ; that College owes more to its town students than it often realises, and that the alleged disadvantages of non-residence are more apparent than real. That is why we look with alarm at our dwindling numbers, and why, in our depleted state, we have felt it necessary to speak rather loudly of our own importance, lest our cries pass unheard in the wilderness. It is also the reason why we feel ourselves not unworthy of bearing the name of the great man to whom U.C.S. will always be so deeply indebted.





#### BOAT CLUB.



HE membership of the club has been maintained surprisingly well this season in view of the depleted number of men in College. As is so often the case, practically the whole of last year's first eight went down, leaving this year's officials with the problem of building up the eights afresh, with only a few experienced men to pick from.

This problem has been solved to a certain extent, and we are now able to put out two eights. The first boat is keen, and works hard, and is beginning to develop some kick and driving power. The second boat, although keen, is still suffering from the effects of continued changes and the inexperience of most of its members.

So far this session we have had three fixtures, a home match and an away match with Queen Mary's, and an away fixture with Bristol. The first boat lost by half a length to Bristol, and won both the other fixtures comfortably. The second boat won at home to Queen Mary's but suffered a defeat on the Thames. Fixtures for the rest of the term include one with Reading, one with Bristol and finally the London Head of the River Race for which we are entering two crews.

As usual our President, Mr. Casson, has done heroic work on the towpath and in the cox's seat, and has proved a great source of encouragement to the Club. This session we have been very fortunate in obtaining the services of Dr. MacNeil as an unusually keen and energetic coach.

Mr. Ackroyd, who for four years was invaluable as our coach, left us last term to take up a post in South Africa and we should like to record here our thanks to him for the work he did for us during his stay.

#### CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

The Club has had a decidedly more successful season this year than last. There was a very noticeable lack of freshers capable of running, with the result that the second half of the team has been weak. Pirrie and Hodgkinson have run extremely well throughout, and the main pack has improved greatly with constant practice. Unfortunately, Russell, who started the season well, was unable to continue owing to school-practice. The College won the triangular with King Alfred's and Reading

in the Autumn term and this term the team was second in the Quadrangular with Bristol, Reading and Exeter. The most interesting run of the year—the Hants Intercollegiate—will be later in this term, and having won it for two years in succession, we are very keen to retain the lead.

#### NETBALL CLUB.

Although the season as a whole has not been very successful, the 1st VII have always put up a good fight in the more important games. Last term's outstanding event was the match against Exeter, and the shooters are to be congratulated on their remarkable feat of scoring more than a goal per minute. The score, 52-5, is a record in the history of A.U. matches. When the team played Bristol in the second round, the result was a draw, but in the extra five minutes each way to decide the issue, they lost 3-2 after a truly heroic struggle.

The 1st VII reached the semi-final of the local league by beating the Convent High School 16-14.

The great problem is, as usual, lack of support. Only on one occasion have we been able to raise two teams, and it is quite an achievement to get ten players to take part in a practice. We hope there will be more enthusiasm for Netball in the future. Meanwhile, the best of luck to the team for the remainder of the season.

#### FENCING CLUB.

Though to judge by mere results, we have not had a very successful season up to now, there has been a marked improvement in fencing this session, especially in epee, which has been our most reliable weapon throughout. Our success in foil has been rather spasmodic, and also in sabre, both due mainly to the temporary staleness which came over us last term, and to the repeated necessity for fighting with substitute teams.

Although we have sustained more than one disastrous defeat, we have had several very closely-fought matches, where no slight was reflected on the loser, and the winning or losing of a bout was a matter of small consequence, compared with the enjoyment of the fighting itself. Conditions have been improved by the new foil piste and full-length sabre court which we have had painted out in the Assembly Hall, and ladies' teams will be included in two fixtures this term.

We intend to enter for the U.A.U. Fencing Championships again this year, with representatives in all three weapons, and we hope for some success.

#### WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

Starting the Autumn term with only two new members in the 1st XI, hopes ran high for an unusually successful season. A hard struggle in the first match which resulted in a 6-6 draw and the attainment of second place in the County Tournament, produced an optimism which has on the whole been justified.

Although the team has been depleted owing to the frequent absence of four members on school-practice, and the regular inclusion of Caswall in the 1st County team, it has suffered few losses, and has accumulated a record goal average. The victories against Goldsmiths and Exeter showed what a full team could do, and the steady play of the defence and improvement of forwards boded well for the second U.A.U. match v. Bristol. The 4-0 defeat in this game was disappointing, and due to the weakness of the forwards, who seem to lose much of their speed and accuracy against a strong team, rather than to the defence.

Nevertheless, despite this defeat, the club holds a record second only to the A.F.C., and is looking forward to the remaining matches of this season.

P	W	L	D	F	A
17	11	5	1	109	58

### MEN'S HOCKEY.

Prospects at the beginning of the season were not at all hopeful with only four members of last year's side returning to College. Freshmen, however, supported the club very well and although the first game of the season was lost, the performance of the team was encouraging. In the next half a dozen games College sustained only one defeat, and were hopeful of giving Bristol a good game in the first U.A.U. match. Bristol, however, soon shattered our hopes with a 10-0 victory and Reading followed with a similar score. The team redeemed itself by beating Exeter in the third U.A.U. match by 2-1 after a vigorous and close game.

At the end of the Christmas term the club lost two of its stalwarts in Young and Williams whose services had been invaluable and the team had to be built up with members of the 2nd XI.

Record to date :						Goals
P	W	L	D	F	A	
19	9	7	3	60	65	

### BOXING CLUB.

Spurred on by the purchase by the A.U. of a new ring, the Boxing Club this year has made an effort to carry the name of University College, Southampton, once more to the finals of the U.A.U. Championships. At the time of going to Press, we are awaiting the results of the Finals, for Edwardson, our captain, T. R. E. Taylor, and Paul Reitz, proved, as Southern Divisional champions, eligible to fight. Even success thus far deserves congratulation for the U.C.S. club proved itself more than a match for Birmingham and Loughborough (which has a full time P.T. course).

We have yet our annual matches with Bristol, and at its present strength, the Boxing Club has a chance of once more retaining the lead in this series.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Looking back on the three defeats of the season, it is difficult to imagine that a College team which is playing such sparkling football could have conceded even these few points.

*Record of Matches played to date :*

P	W	D	L	Goals	
				F	A
18	13	2	3	94	36

Under his captaincy, J. R. Hill has seen a team moulded together which is now at the peak of its form. Each of the losses of last term, v. R.A.F. Calshot, Southampton Police and Bristol, was after a hard game by a weakened U.C.S. XI. But from the initial victory over South Hants Nomads, it was clear that if the team could be held together, a lively season was ahead. The defence has definitely proved its mettle, with Derbyshire, a veritable "tower of strength," and Petit, always under the eyes of Southampton F.C. scouts. The forwards time and time again have proved too strong for the opposition, and Wallace's fine play has merited him a place in the U.A.U. XI, while Eden's consistent goal-scoring has sent the team's average to 5.2 goals per match.

We have yet to see the U.A.U. Championships decided, and U.C.S. still has a fighting chance of going further. Aiming at 120 goals this season, this year's Soccer Club will surely be able to look back on its most successful season for many a day.





## UNIONS AND SOCIETIES

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### B.U.L.N.S.



THE College Branch of the B.U.L.N.S. has, so far, enjoyed a very successful session. Membership, being well over fifty, is higher than that of any other society in the College. Meetings have been held fortnightly and have touched on most subjects of topical interest.

At the opening of the session Professor Betts stressed the need for an appeal on behalf of the League of Nations, as the only means of escape from the system of power politics, in which we were rapidly becoming engulfed. Mr. Bernard Floud, who had just returned from China, gave a very vivid account of conditions there, as he had seen them, and appealed to students to do all in their power to help the Chinese in their struggle against a ruthless aggressor.

On November 10th, the branch was fortunate in having the Duchess of Atholl to address a meeting on the Government's foreign policy. The criticism of this policy was peculiarly interesting, as it came from a Government supporter, providing a fine example of the value of independence of thought. Her Grace described the price which had been paid for the peace of September and the danger into which the negotiators of that peace had placed their countries, through the cession of Sudetenland. Her Grace also put forward a practical line of policy which should be followed if the dangers inherent in the present situation were to be removed.

Mr. Timberlake, secretary of the B.U.L.N.S., visited the branch at the end of November and spoke on "Britain and World Order," his particular appeal being for a recognition of conciliation on the basis of collective security alone.

As a result of a meeting on Spain at the beginning of this term, resolutions were sent to the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. Another successful event was a Study Circle on Palestine, at which Mr. Weintraub and Al Awwadi presented the case for the Jews and the Arabs respectively. This Study Circle was preparatory to a meeting on "Palestine," addressed by Mr. Paul Singer, Director of the National Bank of Palestine.

There is still time to help to make the rest of the session successful. It is never too late to become a member.

### CHRISTIAN UNION.

The activities of C.U. started this session with a Freshers' Squash, when the speaker was Professor A. Rendle—a Vice-President of U.C.S. Christian Union. This was followed by another Squash at which Mr. Oliver Stott, one of the directors of a large business, was the chief speaker. Our usual Foreign Students' Squash was led last term by the Rev. H. Trevor Greeves and resulted in a vigorous and interesting discussion between representatives of the Mohammedan, Hindu and Christian faiths.

A week-end series of meetings was held on "Christian Discipleship and University Life," while Dr. D. Johnson, (Secretary of I.V.F.) and Dr. K. Moynagh (Vice-Chairman of I.V.F.) were visiting us from January 20th to 23rd.

In addition to these special meetings, our lunch-hour Bible Readings, Prayer Meetings and Missionary Study Circles have been held each week.

Later this term we are hoping to have an open evangelist squash. The Conference at Swanwick in the Easter Vac., the International Conference at Cambridge in July, and the student Evangelist Campaign at Liverpool in September, are other interesting dates in our calendar.

### DEBATING SOCIETY.

Though the Debates of the past year have not been distinguished by fluent and inspiring oratory, there has been evident a refreshing idealism. National military conscription was rejected: the institution of marriage was upheld vigorously. A distressing feature of all debates has been the habit of certain speakers to remind us that they are unaccustomed to public speaking, but feel compelled by conscience to deliver a few disjointed words upon what seems to them to be a highly important aspect of the problem in question. The function of the Debating Society is not to encourage the search after Truth, but to give students the opportunity of a clear exposition of their views upon diverse and topical controversies. The less heard in future of this ridiculous and platitudinous preamble the better. The attendance at Debates varies according to the extent to which the morbid curiosity of the students is moved : there is extreme difficulty in procuring new speakers and we have to rely upon a small clique of hard-bitten debaters owing to the general bashfulness and ineptitude of the students as a whole.

The motion chosen for the Inter-Varsity debate is "That Safety-first is a Vicious Principle," and should provide an opportunity for a wide and witty discussion. The Debate will be held at 8.15 p.m. on 15th March, as a prelude to the social event of the Spring Term, the Union Ball. It is hoped also that the Debating Society will hold two joint Debates with the Debating Society of King Alfred's College, Winchester.

### SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

The Socialist Society, at a meeting where Christopher Meredith, the General Secretary of the University Labour Federation, spoke upon the Popular Front in the Universities, passed a resolution supporting the action of the Executive Committee of U.L.F. in condemning the expulsion of Stafford Cripps from the Labour Party:

it urged the Labour Party to reconsider its attitude in the light of the International situation. Copies of the resolution were sent to the National Executive of the Labour Party and to the local Party.

The Socialist Society decided to provide the *Daily Worker* to the common rooms since it is representative of an important section of working class opinion : members were invited to contribute towards it, but contribution was not made compulsory to members of the Society.

The Society feels that Students as a whole should support the Spanish Foodship Committee, since the continued resistance of the Spanish Government may mean the difference between victory and defeat for Britain herself in the critical times that are ahead.

Mr. Edgell Rickword, a Socialist of considerable literary ability, is to address the Society on "Culture and the Social Crisis" and Mr. Hurstfield is to deal with "The problem of Race in Modern Politics," during the Spring Term. We hope these meetings will be loyally supported by members and that others whose politics have little association with Socialism will realize the importance of learning the point of view of other people.

The Socialist Society does not intend to die the death of the "Snow Queen" in the Summer months, but to continue to flourish and to hold meetings.

#### FILM SOCIETY.

Of the four main films shown by the Film Society up to February, three have been French and the other German. Whilst none has given us any new cinema technique, most of them have been well directed and three were distinguished by novel photography. The London success "Carnet de Bal" whilst necessarily episodic in character, gave us magnificent camera work. The Emil Janning's film, "Der Herrscher," evidently built round him, allowed him to give another of his polished performances. The French "Underworld" resolved itself into a series of character studies, each being well done, although one or two were unnecessary for the telling of the main story. "Amphytrion" had many musical comedy touches in it, but provided a welcome contrast to rather heavier films.

Of the short films the outstanding one has doubtless been the American documentary "The River," shewing vividly the effect on the River Mississippi and the land adjoining the banks, of unscientific exploration of all the natural resources. Besides shewing the errors of the past it gave an indication of the work being done for the future good of the land. The English documentary "Eastern Valley," whilst less ambitious, gave a similar study of conditions in the Welsh valleys.

#### CHESS CLUB.

With last year's team, the best for many years, practically intact, the Chess Club started the season with bright prospects of maintaining the reputation of being the best club in Southampton and district. The influx of experienced freshers has further raised the average standard and rendered possible the entry of two teams in the 1st division of the Southampton league.

The championships of both the Hampshire and Southampton leagues are well within our grasp, if enthusiasm does not wane. The "A" leads the Southampton league Table, having played 7, won 5, drawn and lost 1, and in the Hants League has won all its matches.

The record of the "B" team has been satisfactory, but hardly as good as expected. With greater keenness and fewer changes more than 16 out of 42 boards would have been secured.

This season's programme has been one of experiment. We have had a visit from C. H. O. Alexander, the British Champion who gave a simultaneous display, winning 17 games, drawing and losing one. A Handicap Tournament is proving popular. Weekly discussions on openings have been held, and it is interesting to note that those who have attended have the best averages. "Chess" has been purchased by subscription.

The Championship Tournament for the John Lewis Cup is now in progress. During the season the club has been honoured by the inclusion of K. N. Reed in the county team, and is now looking forward to the match v. Cambridge.

#### THE RAMBLING CLUB.

"It is a hard and nice subject," said Abraham Cowley, "for a man to write of himself," and such is the present position of the Rambling Club that one feels constrained to write with as much circumspection as he did.

Popularity is, at best, a strange quality and the club's present depression is but a phase in its illustrious history, attributable to three main causes; that the main body of ardent ramblers went down at the end of last session; that there have been, as yet, few new adherents; and that the weather has been uniformly inclement, there having been scarcely three fine Sundays since October.

Now the first is an evil which all societies must endure, though it was most discouraging to find only two Old Hartleyans on the Whit-Monday Re-union Ramble, and the last is a dispensation of providence. Clearly it is from the new generations of students that the return of our prosperity must come—and what more do you want than the clear blue sky over your head and the green turf beneath your feet, a winding road before you and a three hours' march to dinner—I entreat you—fall to thinking.

#### SCOUT GROUP.

Since the last report appeared in *West Saxon*, the activities of the Group have increased in every respect. The number of Scouts has increased to over 40, and at the beginning of the session many students joined the Rover Crew, and have since proved in several cases very useful and keen members.

The Physical Training Class, started last session, is continuing its work under the leadership of Mr. E. M. Jones. The Troop shows much keenness about both football and cricket, and several successful matches have been played with other Scout Groups and Boys' Clubs.

During the past year, many excursions by rail and boat have been organised. The cycling club, formed last summer, has a large membership, and has proved very popular.

With regard to Scout Work, most of the Troop are well on the way to becoming First Class Scouts. Several are preparing for proficiency badges, including Wood-work, Camping and First Aid. In addition to the usual Scout work the boys have received instruction in such useful "arts" as the correct use of the telephone, etc. Talks on travel and other interesting topics have been given, and last term a very useful debate was arranged.

Forty boys attended the Long Summer Camp during the last fortnight in August. This was held in ideal surroundings, by the sea, at St. Lawrence, 2 miles from Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

Although the weather was not all that could be desired, the tone of the camp was good, both in spirit and health, and the boys enjoyed an active and interesting holiday, with great advantage to all. Visits to beauty spots and places of interest, and a coach tour of the Island proved very popular. Despite the strenuous activities of the day, none of the Camp Fires lacked enthusiasm.

This term, great emphasis has been laid on the importance of "Courts of Honour" which are composed of the Patrol Leaders and seconds. This enables the boys to participate as actively as possible in the running of the Troop, and gives them an opportunity of expressing their own ideas, often very helpful, if, at times, a little "awkward," and also gives them a sense of responsibility, fitting them for bigger and more important jobs.

Although several Rovers have, through pressure of work, been forced to withdraw their active support, we feel confident that the Scout Group will develop along the right lines, and remain among the more active societies in College.

During the past Scout Year, a Group Committee has been formed to raise money for the Group for equipment, etc., which it badly needs. £35 was raised last year, but at least £50 will be needed this year, for camp equipment and running expenses. All the money raised was spent on Camp and "kitchen equipment," etc., and the Group is still without tents, a very expensive item. Support of the functions organised by the Committee would be of great help in this respect.



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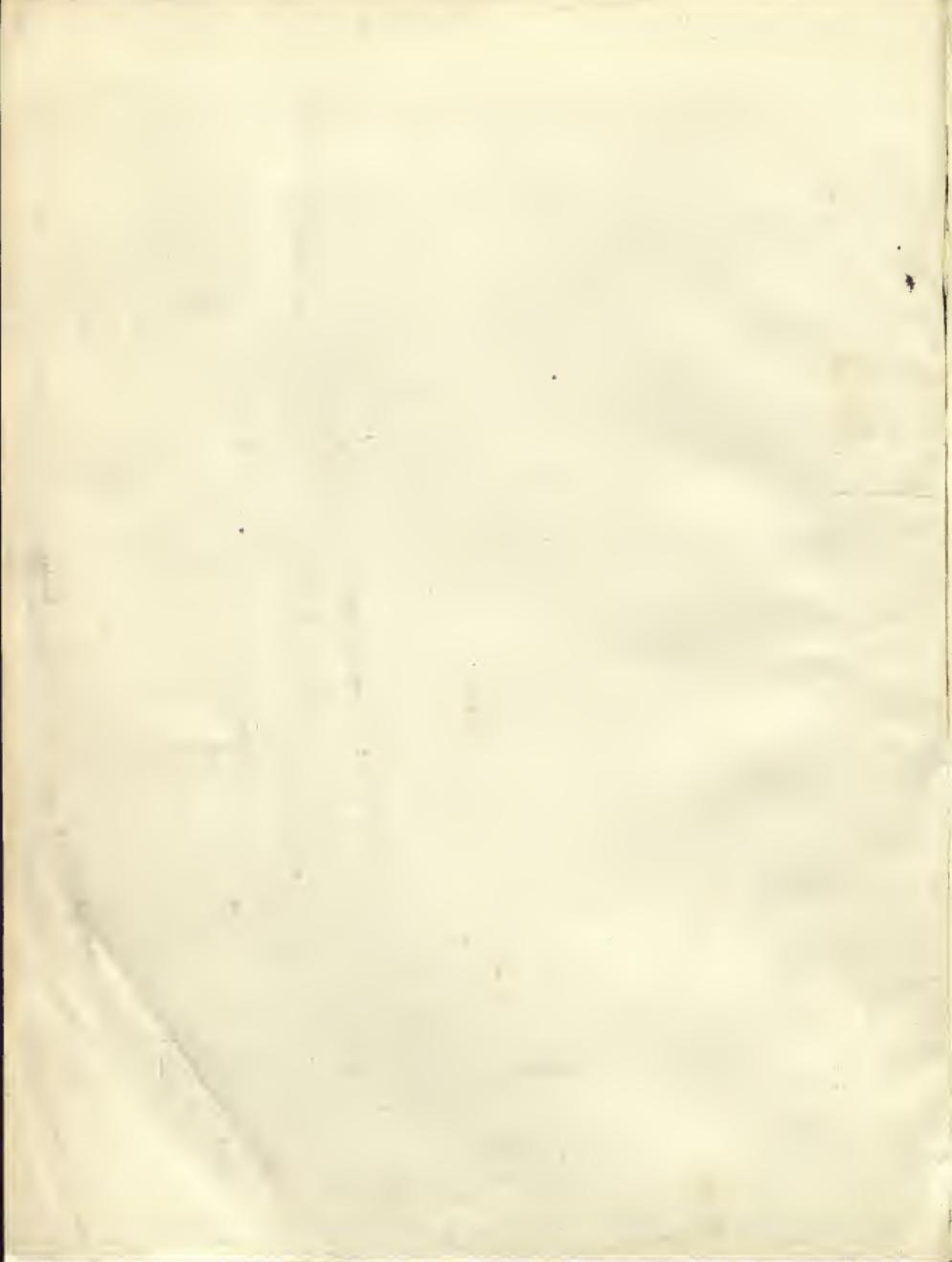
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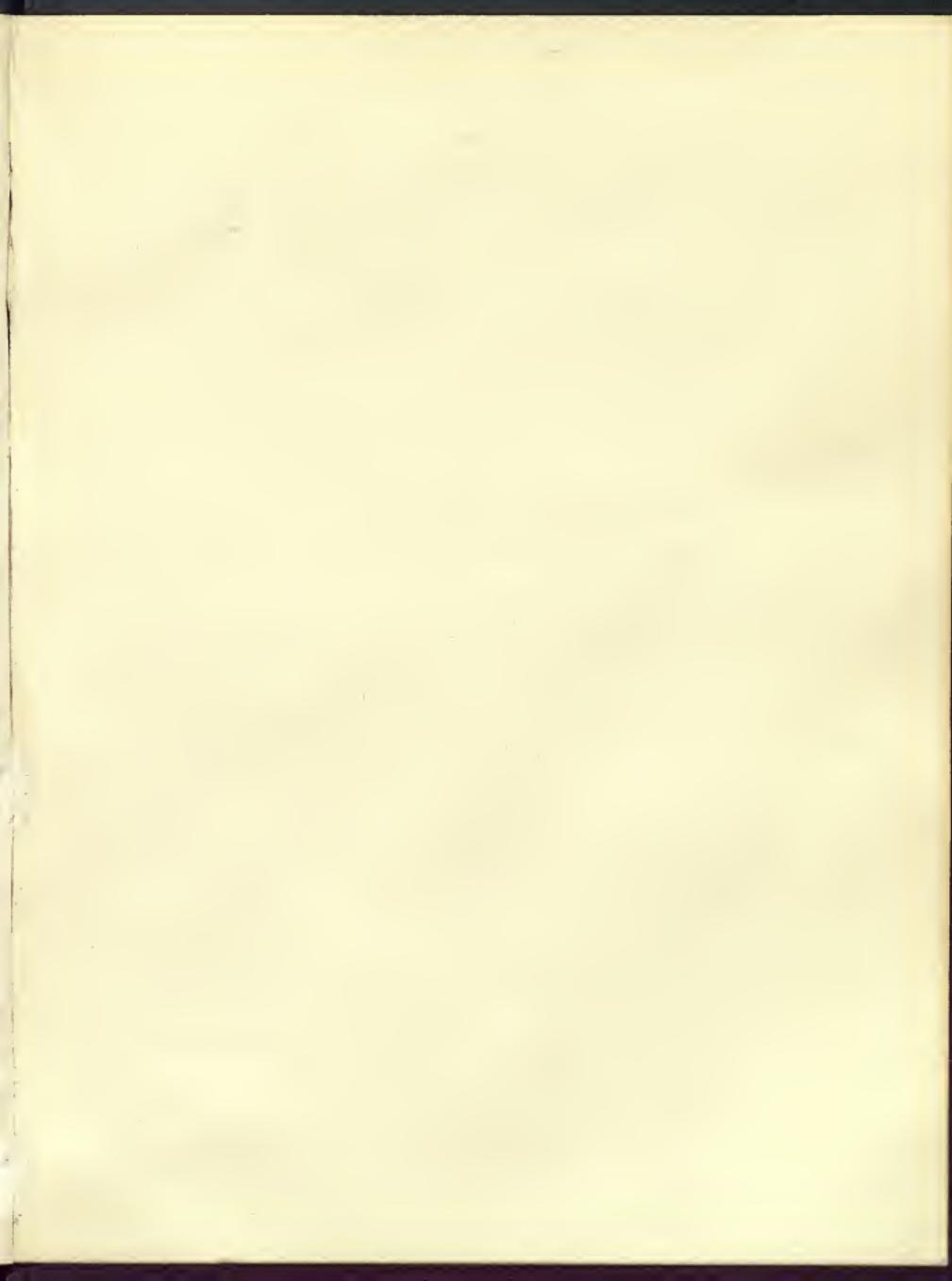
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